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Poetry.

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.
It may be that thy brother's eye,
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Borne amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant climes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind, that with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead,
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast went wailing by;
A mother, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye.
How wishfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there;
Her eye to heaven she raiseth,
In agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
A precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be,
"But oh! for more to see him
Smile once again on me."

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there.
Oh, young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give the poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun was shining,
She heedeth not its ray,—
Beside her bed reclining,
The pale, dead mother lay.
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though her lips were breathing—
There is light for us above.

ABOU BEN ADHEIM.

By Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adheim (may his tribe increase,)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adheim bold,
And to the Presence in his room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "the names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one," said Adheim; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW MEN."
The next night the angel came again,
With a long train of wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adheim's name LED ALL THE REST.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil;
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring, untouched for years to move,
It is—THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

MR. FULLER:—The following is so bright with picturesque beauty, and warm with such genial sentiments, that I cannot forbear translating it. If you like it, it is at your service. L. M. CHILD.

THE GOODNESS OF POVERTY.

A BALLAD.

Translated from the Consuelo of George Sand.

Paths sanded with gold, verdant heaths, ravines loved by the wild-goats, great mountains crowned with stars, wandering torrents, impenetrable forests, let the good goddess pass through, the Goddess of Poverty!

Since the world existed, since men have been, she traverses the world, she dwells among men; she travels singing, and she sings working—the goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty.

Some men assembled to curse her. They found her too beautiful, too gay, too nimble, and too strong. "Pluck out her wings," said they; "chain her, bruise her with blows, that she may suffer, that she may perish—the Goddess of Poverty!"

They have chained the good goddess, they have beaten and persecuted her; but they cannot disgrace her. She has taken refuge in the soul of poets, in the soul of peasants, in the soul of martyrs, in the soul of saints—the good goddess, the Goddess of Poverty!

She has walked more than the Wandering Jew; she has traveled more than the swallow; she is older than the cathedral of Prague; she is younger than the egg of the wren; she has multiplied more upon the earth than strawberries in Bohemian forests—the goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

She has many children, and she teaches them the secret of God. She talked to the heart of Jesus, upon the mountain; to the eye of Queen Libussa, when she became enamored of a laborer; to the spirit of John and Jerome, upon the funeral pile of Constance.—She knows more than all the doctors and all the bishops—the good Goddess of Poverty!

She always makes the grandest and most beautiful things that we see upon earth; it is she who has cultivated the fields and pruned the trees; it is she who tends the flocks, singing the most beautiful airs; it is she who sees the first peep of dawn, and receives the last smile of evening—the good Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who builds the cabin of the woodcutter, with green boughs, and gives to the poacher the glance of the eagle; it is she, who rears the most beautiful urchins, and makes the spade and the plow light in the hands of the old man—the good Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who inspires the poet, and makes the violin, the guitar and the flute, eloquent under the fingers of the wandering artist; it is she who carries him on her light wing, from the source of the Moldau to that of the Danube; it is she who crowns his hair with pearls of dew, and makes the stars shine for him more large and more clear—the goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who instructs the ingenious artisan; who teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold, silver, brass and iron; it is she who renders the flax supple and fine as a hair, from the fingers of the old mother, or of the young girl—the Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who sustains the cottage, shaken by the storm; it is she who saves rosin for the torch and oil for the lamp; it is she who kneads bread for the family, and weaves garments for summer and winter; it is she who feeds and maintains the world—the good Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who built the grand churches and the old cathedrals; it is she who carries the sabre and the gun, who makes war and conquests. It is she who collects the dead, tends the wounded, and hides the conquered—the good Goddess of Poverty!

Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength, and all compassion, O, good goddess! It is thou who unitest all thy children in a holy love, and who givest to them faith, hope, and charity—O, Goddess of Poverty!

Thy children will cease one day to carry the world upon their shoulders; they will be recompensed for their trouble and toil. The time approaches when there will be neither rich nor poor; when all men shall consume the fruits of the earth, and equally enjoy the gifts of God; but thou wilt not be forgotten in their hymns—O, good Goddess of Poverty!

They will remember that thou wert their fruitful mother, their robust nurse, and their church militant. They will pour balm upon thy wounds, and they will make the rejuvenated and embalmed earth, a bed where thou canst repose—O, good Goddess of Poverty!

Until the day of the Lord, torrents and forests, mountains and valleys, heaths swarming with little flowers and little birds, paths which have no masters, and sanded with gold—let pass the good goddess, the Goddess of Poverty!

LIFE.—There is nothing of which men are so fond of, and withal so careless, as life.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

As is Woman, so is the Race.

NOTICE.

The Female Labor Reform Association, will meet every Tuesday Evening, at 8 o'clock, at their Reading Room, 76 Central Street, to transact all business pertaining to the Association, and to devise means by which to promote the common interests of all the Laboring Classes. Also to discuss all subjects which shall come before the meeting. Every *Female* who realizes the great necessity of a *Reform* and improvement in the condition of the worthy, toiling classes, and who would wish to place woman in that elevated station intellectually and morally which a bountiful Creator designed her to occupy in the scale of being, is most *cordially* invited to attend and give her influence on the side of *virtue* and *suffering humanity*. HULDAH J. STONE, Sec'y.

Lowell, January 9, 1846.

From the Valentine Offering.

OUR CAUSE.

See! the rays of morn are dawning!
Lo! freedom sheds her mellow light;
The glorious sun breaks on the morning,
And hope's bright star illumes the night;—
And shall we idly waste in dreaming,
Our senses and our lives away—
Willing slaves to oppressive sway—
E'en while liberty's light is beaming?

Hark! the liberty bell is pealing!
Loud and clear its accents fall;
Tyranny beneath its chime is reeling,—
Arouse! enslaved ones, at its call!
Behold our banner proudly waving!
Come! join ye to this worthy band,
And drive oppression from the land:—
Our cause a world is saving.

Come, brothers! then to the rescue come!
Sure, heaven will your efforts bless;
Come, sisters! all to the rescue come!
UNION is sure to bring success.
Come, stay oppression's withering blight,—
Yes! rise, and break the galling chains,
Where'er on earth the tyrant reigns;
Then the enslaved shall have redress.

ADA.

Lowell, Feb. 13th.

From the Valentine Offering.

OUR SOCIAL CAPACITIES.

How highly fraught with blessings to our race, is a right use of the social capacities It is indeed, the best gift of heaven, to the sons and daughters of earth! Take away this power of communicating thought, feeling and sympathy, one to an other, and existence would no longer be a blessing, but rather a curse. The holy and sublime emotions of love, friendship, and sympathy would be lost. —the ties of botherhood sundered—the joys of domestic life annihilated, and this bright beauful world, with all its sunshine and gladness, would become a gloomy prison house filled with living, moving bodies, destitute of souls. Thanks to God for social powers—those powers which enable us to encourage each other in every good word and work—which open the rich mines of intellectual and moral good, alike to all who will put forth their energies to acquire the true and the beautiful in human life. But how many abuse and utterly pervert these noble gifts! Instead of using them to elevate and refine, they traduce and vilify, thus rendering miserable the otherwise blessed and happy. Instead of cultivating the best and Godlike principles of our nature, becoming more and more assimilated to the fountain of all purity and excellence, how often do we nurse the spirit of hatred, envy, malice, and revenge, making in our breasts a perfect hell?

Oh, could we realize *always* the *power one* kind word, one pleasant encouraging glance of the eye may have over the future life and happiness of a fellow being, who is, perhaps, striving with his *last* strength to overcome temptation's power; who is faint, it may be, and weary in the struggles of life's great warfare, having none to care for or to stay his tottering steps, as he nears the awful precipice of ruin —could we, I say, realize that one kind word would snatch him from the fatal brink, think ye that we should be thus lavish with words which stir up the unholy passions of the human heart? No! no! far otherwise. Did we *feel* this in our hearts, how differently should we all live! How tender, how compassionate how loving would our spirits yearn over the wayward and the sinful, striving to win them back to the path of rectitude and peace! Then would the wretched, over whom sin had cast its blight and curse, forsake the error of their ways, and, like the poor prodigal, return to their Father's house, where there is no lack of any good thing. The tears of bereavement and agony would then be dried up, and the countenance, over which brooded disconsolate sadness, would again brighten with hope and cheerfulness, and our world become a second Eden—a paradise below!

"Speak gently to the erring, know
They must have toiled in vain:
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

Lowell, Mass., 1846. H. J. S.

From the Valentine Offering.

VALENTINATORY.

DEAR LOVERS:—Our visit among you, this long famed eve, is an errand of love. We have long desired to have an interview with you upon this all important subject. Nature teaches us to love—on the morrow, (according to ancient mythology,) her feathered minstrelsy consummates this highest aspiration of their instinctive powers. Love is divine—it causes the snow to whiten the face of the earth, and the frosts to congeal them into a happy union. Love causes the clouds to weep tears of joy, and melt away the snow into the bosom of the earth, from which the flowers spring up as tokens of their more perfect affection. Love sends down the dews of heaven to hold sweet communion with the verdure of earth, and love in return, throws back a sweeter fragrance to seal the floral bond. Love causes the stars to dwell in concord above and gaily smile upon the sons of toil. Love overshadows the vale with darkness, brings peaceful repose to the slumberers, and bathes the hills in morning light. Love uplifts the down-trodden, bears consolation to the afflicted, and smooths the pillow of the sick. Love "breaks the yoke of the bondman, and lets the oppressed go free"—gives bread to the hungry and *fresh water* to the thirsty. Love does good to an enemy and does violence to none. Love chimes on the breezes, and invites the faint and weary to the fountains of health and rest. Love gives "every good and perfect gift," reigning supreme throughout the works of creation, and centering in the great fountain of all love—"GOD IS LOVE."

But, dearly beloved, Love does not fill the land with wars and tumults, causing bloodshed, devastation, and ruin. Love does not enslave men physically, morally, or mentally. Love does not adorn this beautiful earth for a favored few to monopolize and enjoy its blessings, while the many *stay* in want and misery. Love does not give stones when bread is asked for, or serpents when fish is wanted. Love does not turn the blessings of Heaven into curses for men—the bubbling waters are full of love, but with the engines of oppression which degrade humanity, love has no fellowship. Love never builds factories where beauty and health are sacrificed upon the altar of mammon—where her own fair household is plundered of many of its fairest jewels by the ruthless hand of avarice The luxuriant harvests are never converted into *liquid death* by love. When the stately oak which adorns the forest, is hewn down and reared into the hideous, heathen monster *Gallows*—love is not there. Love does no evil and knows no ill. And now, dear lovers, we present you this little "Offering" on this joyous eve, in manifestation of our love for you. We frankly and hopefully ask your '*hands and hearts*'—on your decision rests all that is lovely, great, and good. Do not disappoint us, but may we soon be united in the holy Heavenly bonds of *Love*—love to God and love to man. ST VALENTINE.

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO YOUNG LADIES.

Miss A. WELL Harriet, I am glad you have finally resolved to attend the Social Gathering with me.

H. Indeed you are. I assure you it is much against my own will that I do so. Had not my dear father requested me to go, I would much rather stay at home. I do not like to be jostled in such a crowd; and then only think of the company!—the factory girls, house girls, and working men, are all that compose it! It is astonishing that father will persist on my attending!

A. Why, my dear? I am more astonished to hear you talk thus. One would suppose that you thought yourself better than they, merely because a kind Providence had placed you in more prosperous circumstances, whereas the reverse of that is true, for all real goodness consists in active usefulness. And in our republican land it should be *merit*, not station that makes any distinction. Surely, my friend, you could not be in earnest in what you said.

H. Ada, you mistake my character much if you suppose I intend to disgrace myself by associating with the lower classes who labor in our kitchens and factories for a livelihood. Nothing can be farther from my ideas of respectability than this. Let them be a class by themselves, and not presume to mingle in the higher circles of the wealthy, and refined. Only think of our condescending to visit and associate with the *common people*—the illiterate and uncultivated who throng our city at the present day! Why we should lose our cast in society at once.

A. Well, I for one, am willing to become unpopular for such reasons. Thank heaven, there is enough of the patriotic blood of my brave *ancestors* coursing through my veins, to enable me to spurn this mean, this contemptible, aristocratic spirit and custom which has been the Upas in the social communities of the Old World, and which threatens to destroy all harmony and good feeling in the New. What can be more ridiculously absurd than the feeling of prejudice which exists against the laboring classes—those classes too, which supply us with all the comforts and luxuries of life. It does seem to me H., that they are the only people under heaven that deserve the esteem and respect of the entire community. And if, as you say, they are illiterate and uncultivated, the more need have we to mingle with, and seek to improve and enlighten them with *our superior* wisdom and refinement.

(Exeunt.) H. J. S.

LABOR REFORM.

THE work goes bravely on—courage, *courage*, ye faithful souls; struggle and toil on—the *victory* is sure, the triumph is certain! Friends are flocking in crowds to the rescue, the indifferent are becoming active, the despairing are filled with new hope and energy, the faithless are no longer unbelieving; and the strong fortress of combined power and capital is beginning to tremble on its rotten foundations. Truth and Justice is now pleading eloquently in behalf of our humane and righteous cause. The good, the brave and true are fast coming up to the help of the oppressed, against the false and debasing systems of our country. We have every thing to hope, and nothing to fear in this great movement of Reform. Be strong then, and untiring in purpose and effort, united and persevering, we shall accomplish all that benevolence desires or justice demands! JULIANNA.

AN APPEAL

TO THE WORTHY, TOILING FEMALES OF NEW ENGLAND.

SISTERS in toil and deprivation, you who have heads to think and hearts to feel, give heed one moment, I pray! Are you desirous of improving the condition and elevating the thousands around you to that station in the world which the God of Heaven designed them to occupy and honor. Do you wish to see the virtuous poor protected and their rights maintained, against purse-proud aristocrats and the growing evils of the present systems of labor which are filling the coffers of the rich and making the real producers poorer—compelling them to wear out existence in merely obtaining the necessaries of their physical being—leaving the mind, that noblest gift of God, to perish for lack of cultivation. Would you aid the great cause of humanity and true reform in our midst—lend your name, your influence, your all in support of that 'Voice,' which shall speak ever in behalf of human rights and human equality. Its columns will be open for each and every individual to make known their wrongs, their deprivations and their grievances. Through the '*Voice*' they may speak to the hearts of the generous—the brave and the true of our country.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

JULIANA.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is a captivating, but fading flower, which often leads its youthful possessor into many dangers, many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof. Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few in the early periods of life are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adoration. Beware of the flatterer; be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured the man who wishes to render you vain of your outward charms has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications. Remember, too, that a young girl, whose chief study and employment is in the decoration of her person, is a most contemptible character, and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your face and the graces of your form, the more you are exposed to danger.—The rose is torn from its parent stem in the pride of beauty; the jassamine is scarcely permitted to blossom before it is plucked; and no sooner are the beauties faded, than the merciless hand which was eager to obtain them, throws them away with contempt; whilst the primrose, the violet, the lily of the valley, and the snow-drop, less exposed to observation, escape unhurt and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn fair daughters of beauty, from the primrose, that your best security can be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired, be seldom seen; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty, sweetness, be the only lures you make use of to ensnare.

You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart, which was at first captive to your beauties, and when time has robbed you of the graces and the innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere and tender friend, to console you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have secured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye, who are decorated with outward grace, be not vain of such fading externals, but tremble lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth

to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely. Personal charms may please for a moment; but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding can never fire. We are soon weary at looking at a picture, though executed in a masterly style; and she who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indiffer- to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are particularly observed; and the loss of beauty will not be regretted by him it first made captive.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, FEBUARY 20, 1846.

☞ **All Subscribers must recollect,** that when they wish their papers discontinued, they should inform us POST PAID and remit all arrearages.

The "Social Gathering."

Last Friday evening was a glorious time for the opertives and workingmen of Lowell. At an early hour the City Hall was splendidly illuminated and vibrated with the sweet strains from the "Lowell Brass Band," who generously volunteered their services for the occasion. Long before the hour arrived for the services to commence, the Hall was thronged with gladsome hearts and joyous countenances. The Tables looked beautiful, ladened with fruits of the earth and the ingenious preparations of ladies' domestic arts. Indeed we came nigh fancying ourself in a "better land" where sin and oppression were unknown, everything looked so smiling and happy.

Mr. George W. Hatch, President of the evening, made some very appropriate remarks on taking the chair, and then introduced Mr. Potter of Manchester, N. H., editor of the "Democrat," who spoke in a very spirited and energetic manner upon the present system of factory labor and the prospects of procuring the "ten hour system" in New Hampshire.

Mr. White of Watertown, made a pertinent speech in his usual able manner. He was glad New Hampshire was engaged in factory reform, and wished also to see her divorced from southern slavery. He closed by an eloquent appeal to the operatives of Lowell to press forward in the great reform in which they were engaged.

Mr. Campbell of Boston spoke at some length with his usual zeal.

Mr. Kaulback of Boston, also made an interesting address; but the joyous mirth of the happy throng prevented us from getting a distinct idea of their remarks.

After the refreshments were served out, Mr. Cluer indulged in a few humorous remarks which as usual brought a response from the people.

The intervales between speaking, were occupied by the Band, the songs of Mr. French and two young pupils of Lowell, and the Messrs. Reads of Reading two honest workingmen, who serve the labor reform movement, by their sweet voices as well as their able heads and hands.

The evening passed away with but little to mar the pleasures of the occasion. The 'Valentine Offering' published for the occasion, was circulated. and added much to the usefulness of the 'gathering.' The "Valentine" Post Office must be productive of much good if the sentiments there issued, were akin to the following addressed to the 'Voice of Industry' by some unknown factory girl, and we sincerely hope it may fall into the hands of every apologizer of the long hour and short life system, in christendom.

"Ah! leave my harp and me alone,
My grief thou may'st not share,
Responsive to its plaintive tone
Will flow refreshing tears.

Far from the factory's deaf'ning sound,
From all its noise and strife,
Would that my years might run their rounds
In sweet retired life.

But, if I still must wend my way,
Uncheered by hope's sweet song,
God grant, that, in the mills, a day
May be but "*Ten hours'*" *long*. M.

Lowell, Feb. 14, 1846."

Much credit is due the Ladies' "Labor Reform Association" for the good order and taste which was manifest throughout the entire arrangement; and the general satisfaction manifested by all. Our space will not admit of further comments at this time.

☞ The lengthy investigation in case of Mr. Cluer, excludes much valuable matter we have on hand. The address to young men will be continued next week, also the notice of Abbot Lawrence's famous Tariff letter—and by the way, we have at this moment received a *cutting* letter from a friend in Boston, whom we readily recognize, addressed to Mr. Lawrence on the same subject, which will also appear. Several poetic contributions are delayed till our next.

The letter containing $4,00 from our friend W. R, at Waltham, is the most *feeling* demonstration of regard we have received this week, we are not without hope however that we have many such *substantial friends*.

☞ The meeting at the City Hall on Saturday evening was well attended, and addressed by Mr. Kaulback of Boston and Mr. Cluer.

JOHN C. CLUER AND HIS ACCUSERS—THE TABLE TURNED.

We always regret to be drawn into discussions of a personal nature, because this is not the object of our mission among the workingmen of New-England. Our warfare is with systems, rather than individuals; still when these false and perverting systems of society have led men, to so far violate the better feelings of their natures, as to unhesitatingly and wantonly assail the character of those who are striving to benefit the condition of mankind, by opposing the fearful strides of oppression, it is a duty we owe to our position, and the just and impartial cause, in which we are engaged, to speak of the lamentable effects of these systems upon the conduct of those who are upholding them against the physical, mental and spiritual welbeing of the great family of humanity. No one feels more keenly, at any unhallowed intrusion upon the sacredness of individual and domestic character, than ourself; and prompted by these laudable feelings of individual and universal justice, we have vindicated the character of Mr. Cluer, against the poisonous shafts of slander, malice and envy, which were conceived by the enemies of freedom, in the besoted, tory atmosphere of Briton, born and nursed under the watchful care of the *family physician*, in New York City, and recently "*Christened*," under the *christian* guidance of their corporation "*God-father*" in Lowell. We disclaim any ill will towards those who have conspired to ruin the character of Mr. Cluer and his family, and blight their prospects forever, by rendering them friendless and despised in a strange land, whither he has sought refuge from the slavish mandates of British oppression, which sought his liberty and life; but for their *acts*, there is no apology. Though the editor of the "Lowell Courier" might have been satisfied in his own mind that the charges he published, were true; yet he showed a recklessness, almost unpardonable, when their serious nature and import, is considered, in thrusting them before the public, without a full investigation of the source from which they came.

We now have the opportunity of presenting to the public, a full and impartial investigation of the whole affair, made by Mr. G. W. Hatch, who was selected at a meeting of mechanics and workingmen, of Lowell, to go to New York and procure all the evidence he could upon both sides of the subject, and to whom much credit is due for the faithful discharge of the same.

Mr. Hatch reports as follows:

"Having been appointed by a committee of the workingmen and women of Lowell, to procure what evidence I could, in relation to the late charges against J. C. Cluer; published in the "Lowell Daily Courier," I respectfully present the following report.

Called on Mr. Littledale, No. 25, Chatham st. He states that he never knew Mr. Cluer, though he was late from London; and after said Cluer came to N. York, there was much said about his character, and many of those engaged in the controversy, wished him (Littledale,) to write to his friends in England, for the facts in the case—he, said Littledale, wrote to his friends, but they knew nothing of Cluer. The friend to whom he wrote was Henry Tapping, Pawn-broker in Preston. As he knew nothing of Cluer, he applied to the temperance folks in Preston—they knew nothing of him; so they wrote to the temperance folks at Wigton, and received the letter that was published in the "Lowell Daily Courier," signed J. Harris, Sec., Wigton. Let us compare that letter with with the testimony of Thomas Howe.

Next, is *Dr. Shearman*. He states that he knew Mr. Cluer in England—heard him lecture on temperance, near London just before he came over to this Country—he had a large number to hear him, and he there begged money for his wife, but did not know which wife he meant, then. The temperance society, raised money and sent to Wigton, for his wife and family, and when they arrived where Cluer was, he and his new *Miss*, left for America. As to the character of his wife, he, said Shearman, knew nothing; but Mr. Cluer always called her a virtuous wife, and obtained much money on her account. He said that Cluer, lied about many things—saying that his name was Cambell—that his wife was dead—that he was divorced from her, and that he never had one &c. &c., and if he was called into court, he should testify to the truth in this matter. He also states that there were many who offered to furnish him (Cluer) with money, and a lawyer, if he would bring this matter to a trial; but he would not consent to that, but would insist on speaking in public where he could have all the boys and young folks to hear about this affair and to be their own judges in the matter. Shearman then turned his conversation to the delegate from Lowell, to the Industrial Convention, held in New York last Oct., and the working people of Lowell generally; thought she and they, were ignorant and without principle. Then spoke of the lectures which he proposed to deliver to them, in Lowell, on various subjects which had never been touched upon at all, by any one; but finding by their letters, that they had no principle at all, he would not lecture for them, if they would pay him $1,000, for one single lecture. Now says the Dr., do not tell that I said any thing about this matter. He then remarked that had he gone to Lowell, he should have gone to the ministers, or some *gentlemen*, to whom he could have obtained an introduction, and if they had thought proper he should have spoken, and if not, he should have returned without speaking at all. He farther says, Mr. Cluer did no work in N. York, to his certain knowledge. "Say nothing of what I have told you."

Next came Mr. Stockwell, the keeper of the Croton Lunch. He states that *Mr. Cambell* came to his house and introduced himself, as a Temperance lecturer from London, saying that he had raised one family, and had lost his wife, and that he had married another wife to raise another family on the Tem perance plan. Mr. Cluer and his wife took tea at his house, with some other friends. He said Cluer was so kind that he thought that it could not be all real, and was suspicious that all was not right. He then inquired of *Dr. Shearman*, and found that his character was not good in London. He knew nothing of his character, only he lied about his wife, and what he learned from *Dr. Shearman, Linaburg* and *Chennel*; but he believed him to be a scoundrel—he had no doubt about that.—Before this conversation, I had inquired about that letter in the "Lowell Courier," purporting to emanate from the "Crotton Lunch," signed "*John Stockwell*." He declared positively that he never wrote, or saw that letter till he saw it in public print; and said "my name is *James, not John*.

Two or three days after this, (and he had seen Dr. Shearman,) he said, "It might be possible that Shearman wrote the letter, and I signed it." Mark! if he signed it, he signed his name *John not James*. He wished very much for me to see Mr. Schouler, and have him send all those letters to him as they were his property.

I then conversed with three other gentlemen, that I was referred to. They stated about the same things, only not so much—the principle argument being, that he did no work while in in N. York.

Next was Mr. Walker, who gave bail to Mr. Cluer, for reason that he heard him lecture, and believed that he was persecuted.—Mr. Walker then went on to say that Mr. Cluer had lectured on the same wharf, only on the opposite side of the street, where his opponents were lecturing, and drew off those who had collected, leaving them without hearers. This was the reason why they arrested him—because he could outdo them. When Mr. Cluer left the wharf, he stated that he should lecture again in the afternoon His opponants made arrangements for his arrest, and when Mr. Cluer returned, the officers took him to the Tombs; and when he (Walker) went to the Tombs, the officers refused Cluers friends entering, but they forced their way in, and gave him bail in the sum of $1,000, to keep the peace one year. After this, the temperance people obtained a Hall for him to lecture in, and the Anderson Society, gave him a letter of recommendation, when he left New York. I found many others that affirmed the statements of Mr. Walker, to be true in regard to his persecution being jealousy, on the part of his opponents, who were *professedly* engaged in the same cause of temperance reform.

Mr. Tashier states, that he lived in the house with Mr. Cluer—that he was knowing to his paying his house rent, and to his driving a Coal cart. He said that he knew nothing against Mr. Cluer's character—that he watched him closely, after he heard so much about him, and that he believed him much better than those that tried to put him down. The letters his opponents received were believed to have been written in N. York, sent to England, copied, and the copies returned, read and published about Mr. Cluer.

Mr. Ruland thinks him to be an able advocate of temperance, and would give something with others, to have him return to N. York. Many others, expressed the same opinion.

Mr. Jordon knew Mr. Cluer, when a boy; knew that he had a mother, but knew nothing about his father—left him living with his wife, though he had left her a number of times and had been coaxed back by his mother. It was a common saying, that Mrs. Cluer's mother kept a public house, and that Mrs. Cluer was a public character, beforeand after marriage. And she did notdeny it, after Mr. Cluer commenced lecturing.

I shall give his statements, in his own words.

"Mr. Cluer was not more than 17 or 18 years old when married. Shortly after they were married, not more than 3 or 5 months, Mrs. Cluer gave birth to a son, which was not supposed by the public to be his. This was thought to be the reason of his leaving her. I knew nothing against his character except he used to drink too much. He was on a spree when he was married, and after he became sober he declared the child was not his, and he would not live with his wife; though he was induced to, for some time after that, how long, I do not know, for I left and came to America. Heard nothing more of him till he came to N. York—knew nothing against him while he was here—he was arrested, but was not in the fault in my opinion."

Mr. Thomas Howe, states that he knew Mr. Cluer, in 1825, as a weaver till 1839; knew nothing of his father, but knew his mother—had no brothers or sisters; knew his wife, before they were married; did not know much about her character for he was quite young at that time. Lived directly opposite, on the other side of the street. After they were married, his mother lived with them, or in the same house. I was knowing to his leaving his wife, several times before he went away to lecture. While he was weaving he used to lecture, and became so eminent that the temperance society employed him to travel. Before he left weaving, he used to perform on the stage as an amateur, to get bread for his neighbors children, for we used to do any thing to get bread. Those that always have enough, do not know what those do that do not have any. They used to be poor, when he was weaving; but after he went away they used to live better and dress better too. He used to send them money for the children. I used to see men at Mrs. Cluer's when he was gone. I do not wish to say anything against Mrs. Cluer she was our neighbor; but this much every body said, that their oldest boy did not look a might like the rest of their children; but that he looked much like one that constantly, loafed about her mother's tavern. He, the son, was short, very dark skined; all the rest of them were tall and very light skined. This was very often talked of in Wigton. Mr. Cluer, was accused of adultery in New Castle, and he proved himself clear by proving that he was not in New Castle at the time they accused him of being with a woman of bad character. This was the only case, that he ever was accused of. Those who employed him, were anxious that he should clear this charge up, and he did it to their satisfaction. His fellow weavers, had so much confidence in his integrity and ability, that they elected him an arbitrator to settle difficulties between themselves and their employers which situation he held for several years, giving much satisfaction to all parties. He lectured for the Chartist a while, but left London a Temperance lecturer. His family was sent back by the Parish, to Wigton, just before I left. These facts I will swear to any time when called on."

G. W. HATCH.

Lowell Feb. 11, 1846.

In addition to the above, we present the following extract from a letter signed Robert Beaty jr., 169, Chatham St., New York:

NEW YORK, FEB 3, 1846.

MESSRS. N. F. LUND, WM. T. G. PIERCE AND OTHERS—*Gentlemen*:—Your letter of the 21st of Jan. with the accompanying paper was received by me on the 31st, and I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to reply. In reference to your requests that a statement should be furnished of Mr. Cluer's character and standing amongst us, and also that something should be communicated respecting the character of his traducers. I can only say, that of Mr. Cluer, I have very little knowledge—of his accusers less. Circumstances however, having put me in possession of some few facts, I will submit them for your consideration, however valueless you may deem them.

My acquaintance with Mr. J. C. Cluer commenced at a meeting of the "Anderson T. B. Society." That gentleman having been engaged by the committee appointed for the purpose of procuring speakers, and having been advertised to address the meeting. An effort was made on the part of some individuals, Mr. Linoberg among the number, to prevent his speaking. And an attempt was made by them to disorganize the society, and to destroy its usefulness, when they ascertained that a large majority of the members and audience were willing to hear him; after vainly attempting to adjourn the meeting, but to find it recognised, they left the hall and commenced a bitter persecution against the society slandering and reviling its members, and we were compelled finally to publish resolutions expressive of our feelings, (a copy of which if possible, I will enclose.) Mr. Cluer after this spoke several times at our society and always to good audiences. When about to leave the city, he requested of me a certificate, which I in connection with others gave—testifying his *fidelity* to the temperance cause, and his ability as a speaker. Mr. C. then left the city and I have heard nothing from him since until my attention was called to an article headed, "A Black Sheep"—copied into the "True Sun" of this city, from one of the eastern papers, and which I find from a perusal of the article of the "Journal," was an abstract of the remarks of the editor of that paper in introducing to the public the letter of a pretended correspondent, "John Stockwell." I have been very particular in detailing minutely my knowledge of Mr. Cluer in order that you, gentlemen, might discover if possible, in my connection with *him, any base motive*, for giving him my countenance and support, I declaring *my conscience free*.

In reference to the letter to which my attention has been called, purporting to have emanated from "John Stockwell, Proprietor of the Croton Lunch," I knew at once there must be some mistake, as the proprietor of that house, is named "James Stockwell;" and on applying there for information, was informed that Mr. Stockwell knew nothing of the letter, his first knowledge of it being its appearance in the paper spoken of, a copy which he received. Having thus disposed of the pretended authorship of the letter, I beg to be permitted to make one or two remaks in reference to the contents of it. Of Dr. Shearman I know nothing, of Mr. Linoberg—who is not an Englishman as you might suppose from the letter; but a German Jew, I know nothing more than I have before stated. Of Mr. Charnel, I never heard until I read of him in the letter referred to but, I do know, gentlemen, and let who would be the author of that letter, I would state that it contains a falsehood, as follows, "Every possible means has been taken to bring him before some committee, and submit to some investigation—but in vain." I in company with many others, heard Mr. C. state at a public meeting, of "The Anderson T. B. Society," that "he was willing to submit to any investigation that a committee of married gentlemen might think proper to institute."—And if this is disputed, the evidence of many may be collected who are willing to sign a paper, or make oath of the truth of my assertion. The society however deemed the reports of too little consequence to take that trouble for, and the matter was dropped.

From the above evidence, the conclusion is irresistible, that all the charges published against Mr. Cluer, have been solicited and procured *through a certain channel*. Sherman, Linoburg and Charnel, being the principal managers in the shameful plot, and of these personages we wish to introduce the following facts. Shearman came from England a few years since, and from the course he has pursued in this affair as well as his ungentlemanly and disgraceful attacks upon the operative's Association of this city; it is quite evident that he is a vain, self-conceited, braggart fellow, who fawns around aristocracy, and entertains a deadly hatred to all that tends to elevate labor and laborers, and at the idea of the "*common people*" presuming to improve their own condition, he turns away in *classic* disgust. The fact is, when the delegate from the "Female Labor Reform Association" was at New York, this same Dr. Shearman was very anxious to become a *missionary* to the "*ignorant* and *unprincipled*" workingmen and women of Lowell, and hearing that Mr. Cluer had been lecturing in Lowell, he commenced a tirade of slander and abuse, which did not end until he had written several letters to one of the female Association about visiting this City and delivering lectures upon an endless variety of subjects to our "*ignorant* and *unprincipled*" working people, of whom he had an exalted opinion at that time, but not finding his *genius* for traducing his superiors, both in goodness and talent, and his high literary attainments, appreciated to the tune of a good fat *pecunary* recompense, he has concluded to give his attention to pukes and pills and to continue to maligning the friends of reform.

Through all this correspondence (as with Mr. Hatch,) Shearman was very particular, that his name should not be made known.

The lady in this city, with whom he corresponded (and by the way did'nt even pay his postage) and who with others, he has branded as "ignorant and unprincipled," would in reality be insulted when compared with such an apology for humanity. Shearman was once connected with a Methodist preacher by the name of Green, who was put out of the Methodist Society, for purloining the silver knives and spoons at houses where he was invited to dine, and was the same man who sent information to the British Government, that Mr. Cluer was a "rebel" and that he only lectured on Temperance to get the people to listen to his addresses on Republicanism.

"Herr Linoberg is *not* an Englishman but a German Jew. When in England he professed to be a "Polish Refugee"—he left England *after* a public party had been given to J. C. Cluer in London, he sailed in the same ship with a gentleman from New York, and said to him that he was coming to do something to J. C. Cluer. Mr Cluer was then in London and published a letter in the "Northern Star," giving his reasons for not leaving, for America as soon as he intended. This Jew Linoberg was in New York before Mr. Cluer left England, he was in company with Sherman Cluer arrived and the plot was laid.

Chennel was in New York as a runner for a rum hole, No. 3, Front St., when Mr Cluer arrived, and he came on board the ship in the capacity of "land shark," asked him to go and stop at the house he was runner for. Mr Cluer knowing his true character and learning something of the character of the house refused to go.

The individual who made the charge against Mr Cluer at New Castle, robbed his employer Mr. John Robinson, who now resides at Williamsbury, N. Y., and was in connection with a tory Rewcastle, who was conspiring to cut down the chartists at the very time Mr. Cluer entered New Castle, who gave him a severe and merited castigation.

From evidence in our possession, most of the other individuals whose names appeared in the Courier, although less conspicuous, are no less culpable of the grossest dishonesty, treachery, and immorality. Of Mr Stockwell we have but little to say at this time; if he is honest in his opinions, we believe he has been duped by men unworthy his confidence. If he has personal animosity to gratify the fruits of such a course will be his reward.

We have in our possession, copies of letters addressed by Mr. Cluer to Mr. Stockwell, Linoburg, and some others, demanding an explanation of their charges against him, but they refused. We have also a letter, dated Wigton, (Mr. Cluers native place,) Feb. 18, 1843, signed Edward Mark, which speaks of Mr. Cluer, in terms of praise and commendation. and from which we learn, that he was at that time a delegate from Linsbury, to the Birmingham conference of chartists London, in connection with the celebrated Hetherington, who was imprisoned for his devotion to Liberty and for manfully defending the freedom of the Press, also, that he was an active member of the Temperance order of Rechabites. This letter bears the English post mark, and was addressed to Mr Cluer, while in London.

Indeed so anxious has Mr. Cluer been, that the whole truth should be known; that he has put into our possession several letters written by himself, while lecturing in the country, to his present wife, before they were married, who then resided at No. 7, York Street, St. James Square, London. We also have several other tokens of public and private respect, some of which we published a few weeks since; all bearing conclusive evidence of Mr. Cluers good standing in his private and public capacities, both in England and this Country.

All of the above can be seen by calling at this office. In view of these things, we ask, how much credit the statement which appeared in the "Courier" is entitled to; that "Cluer would not submit to an investigation?"

To sum up impartially and briefly the true history of John C. Cluer, we have the following result:—At an early age he was apprenticed to the hand loom weaving business, which he followed for many years. His early education having been neglected, and being surrounded by the various temptations which characterized that period, especially in the old country, he like many other young men, became a victim of intemperance. (This fact he has frequently avowed in public.) Under these adverse circumstances, he became connected in marriage, at the youthful age of 17 or 18, with a woman, who was unworthy the affections of a virtuous man. When the Temperance Reformation commenced, he became a reformed man, and left the woman with whom he had lived, several times, and finally finding that he had no real affection for her, and that she had forfeited all claim upon him as a husband, he left her not to return. Mr. Cluer, took an active part as a lecturer in the Temperance Reformation and the Chartist's struggle for liberty. In these contests he gained many warm friends, and many inveterate enemies, who pursued him with demon's thirst for his fame, liberty and even life. And these men have not failed to find congenial spirits in this country; and for the honor of Massachusetts, we are sorry to say, in Lowell. Mr. Cluer's celebrity as a lecturer procured for him, a large field of labor, including London; where he became acquainted with Miss Eliza Lampard, his present wife, at a Temperance meeting which he addressed. This lady he married in Dec.

1843, in defiance of the tyrannical laws, of English Monarchy, which virtually denies the poor man, however virtuous, of a divorce; a special act of Parliament, being requisite, as there is no law of divorce, in that country. This no poor man can procure, as a large sum of money is required. After a residence in London, of nearly a year, he sailed for New York, where he left for New Bedford; and from thence he moved to this city, in December last.

We have deemed this somewhat lengthy notice of the subject, due to the public, Mr. Cluer and the cause of truth. We have no personal warfare with any man; but we shall not remain silent while the innocent are belied and trampled upon. If Mr. Schouler was honest in putting forth the charges, he did, through the columns of his paper, he will now do something towards repairing the injury he has done the character and family of his talented fellow-countryman. If on the contrary he refuses so to do, he will prove himself as lost to justice and as destitute of that common sympathy and benevolence, which is the redeeming trait of perverted humanity; as the soulless system which he is striving to uphold. But however this may be, the numerous testimonials of John C. Cluer's honesty of purpose, and his philanthropic acts in the old country, his unimpeachable integrity in this, together with the future virtuous, industrious and useful life, we feel confident he will live, will give him a place in the affections and esteem, of the workingmen of N. England, and all true friends to the race, that oppression and its slanderous train of devotees never can uproot. That he has foibles in common with the best, we do not deny; but the progress he has made in mental and moral improvement, his early education and circumstances, and his subsequent trials considered, is the strongest evidence of a superior moral power.

We have laid this matter before the public according to convictions of right and with full confidence that the honest and unbiassed will do justice to all

At a meeting of the Male and Female Association on Wednesday evening Feb. 18th the following Resolution were unanimously passed.

1. *Resolved*, That the character of J. C. Cluer so far as the investigation has been made, has proved better than our most sanguine expectations could have anticipated, under all the difficulties to be encountered by being a stranger, and the means of defence so far removed from those whose interest it is to gain *correct* information, whereby we might come to just conclusions; and that we regard the test given of his character and standing as a reformer in the old country and in the new, highly creditable to him and his friends.

2. *Resolved*, That the Lowell endorser of the base libel upon the character of an innocent and useful man, is not to be swallowed by the "intelligent" citizens of Lowell; and that all his pretensions to piety, and his cant about Tom Paineism is base hypocrisy, and in perfect keeping with his whole public life, which has been devoted to the dirty work of the corporations, until he has become an outcast from his own party and a by-word and reproach to the community in which he lives.

May no British Tory ever make an investigation upon his character—lest those who do not know him be deceived by judging him to be an honorable man.

3. *Resolved*, That the former life and present character of John C. Cluer as a lecturer, reformer, and a member of society, has been such as to satisfy the members of both associations that he is not only worthy of their *sympathy*, friendship and support, but that he has been injured and basely calumniated and *abused* by certain *would be gentlemen*, (alias *British Tories*,) who envied him, his notoriety and success as a public speaker and bold defender of the people's rights; and who cry, and rave have been, thirsting for his blood!

4. *Resolved*, That the British Tory, "Shearman," of New York City, who has so wilfully and maliciously slandered not traduced the character of J. C. Cluer, *merits* and *receives* the scorn and contempt of every true friend to the equal rights of humanity, both in this and the old country.

Therefore resolved, That he be branded with the just and merited title of "*Traitor to the People's Rights*," and villifier of the innocent—that our countrymen may shun him as a second "Arnold" in the camp of American Reform.

5. *Resolved*, That the attack made upon Mr. Cluer, was intended to destroy through him, the Labor Reform movement; but in this also, the enemies of all true liberty has been completely foiled,—it having given a new impetus to those engaged in the good work; and gathered about them friends and *means* to carry forward the work. May the time never come when the reformers of labor shall be so indolent as not to disturb the watch-dogs of the corporations.

6. *Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be presented by this meeting, to Mr. Geo. W. Hatch, for his untiring exertions in his late successful agency to New York, to investigate the charges preferred by the "*Lowell Courier*"—against Mr. John C. Cluer. Which charges were in fact opinion, designed not only to injure Mr. Cluer, but also to retard the present rapid progress of the labor reform movement.

☞ The Worcester County Gazette feels remarkably uneasy about the *legality* of John C. Cluer's marriage, and to relieve himself of some of his solicitude for the safety of British despotism, remarks as follows:

"The editor of the Voice of Industry admits, if we understand him, that John C. Cluer, is now living with a woman not his lawful wife. He married young—his wife proved faithless and he left her, but not being able to defray the expense of procuring a divorce, he waved the formality and took another rib.

"We may be moral adultery, but it certainly is legal; and if things are as they are represented, (we hope they are not,) we would say to this modern reformer, "physician heal thyself."

We never stated that Mr. Cluer is not living with his lawful wife. We have nothing to do with the unholy, tyrannical laws of England, or any other country for which this *second edition*er (wonderful to tell) seems to have such a natural taste. Locality never made a virtuous marriage; but laws like England, which compel a pure man to live with a woman for which he has no affection, because he is unable to apply Parliament at the expense of thousands of pounds, for a divorce, certainly sanction legal adultery.

In the marriage relation and family circle a blessing! This is a man to be denied these privileges or live in legalized adultery, the inhabitant of a brothel, all his life, because he has not a fortune to procure a lawful divorce! The man who talks of marriage being founded upon the mere formality of law, would reduce the sacred institution, to a mere legal mockery, where passion rules and prostitutes all the *social* and virtuous affections, filling the world with legal bastards. It illy becomes a professed defender of liberty, to prate about *law* for it *lawful* to hold slaves at the south.

Until men begin to cherish more love for right and justice, and less for law, their efforts to benefit the enslaved, will prove as unavailing, as their love of false liberty is heartless. "We would say to this modern reformer,"—learn the first principles of moral philosophy, before you undertake to instruct others.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Voice of Industry.

FRIEND YOUNG:—I was somewhat disappointed that I could not make arrangements to be present at the Ladies' Festival in Lowell. Our friend ALLEN of South Boston was also unable to attend, but he thinks he sent you something that will be of more advantage to your paper, than his presence could have been to the ladies. He takes a great interest in extending the circulation of the "Voice," as do several other of your friends in the city.

The 1st Division of the *Protective Union* is in a flourishing condition. The members attend its weekly meetings with much interest, and every week adds new members to our roll. Even those friends who have been about disheartened, and nearly ready to cease making any effort, for the benefit of Workingmen, have had their faith strengthened and their zeal re-kindled after attending a meeting of the Union and observing the brotherly and united feeling manifested by its members, as well as the practical benefit, in dollars and cents, which accrues to the brotherhood. It is enough to do one's heart good, to see the members, after each meeting, marching off with a satisfied look, having a bundle under each arm, containing some of the necessaries of life, on the purchase of which they have made quite a saving.

How do you succeed in forming a Division in Lowell? I have noticed in your paper that some steps have been taken to form one there. It is important that every Division should adopt the same Constitution, so that the same general laws should govern the Institution, while each Division can make its own By-Laws. I suppose there can be no objection to this, as otherwise, there can be no complete Union, and the Constitution makes provision for its alteration, when it shall be desired by a number of Divisions.

Just be kind enough to look after that "*Young America*" man a little, will you? he occasionally fires a shot to windward, which he aims at our Protective Union system. I fear he does not fully understand the nature of it, or he would consider it with more favor. The plan was concocted before the Industrial Congress came forward with their recommendation for organizing Brotherhoods, and in its main features, (as you justly remarked in a late paper,) it came so near to their recommendation, that it was not thought advisable to alter it. The Protective Union, as an institution, is entirely free and independent of any political design. Men of all parties and creeds, if they be sober and industrious, may become members of it. If we should introduce the "Land question," or any other question, which is the object of a distinct political organization, into the framework of our Institution, its influence would be very limited and an extensive and powerful Union of the workingmen in this part of the country prevented. The object of the National Reformers of New York, of which party the "Young America" is the organ, viz: the freedom of the Public Lands, has not been sufficiently discussed in this region to awaken a general interest in the object, or to call the attention of the common people to it. It is not well understood by the mass. It has scarcely been agitated at all here, while in New York, owing somewhat to the Anti-Rent difficulties, I presume, it has been quite a theme for discussion, and the attention of the people has been readily obtained to consider the subject. Some of the member of our Union, I know, are in favor of the freedom of the public lands, and of the other reforms in government, proposed by "Young America;" I know not but some may be opposed to them, while others have never heard much and consequently know but little about the matter.

The Protective Union was not organized with a special design to advocate the freedom of the public lands, or to bring about a reform of abuses existing in our national government—it was not organized to act as a political party; its design is to create an extensive organization of the Workingmen—to benefit in particular its own members, by assisting them in the purchase of the necessaries of life—to afford certain opportunities for interchange of thought and sympathies—to discuss questions of interest to Workingmen, and so far as discussion will do it, or any other means which may be agreed on,—to stir up the minds of the people to look more sharply after their dearest interests.

The design of the Union being thus briefly stated in general terms, I trust our New York friends will see the impropriety of speaking evil of that which promises good. By our union plan, men are brought together, to have discussion, and to learn wisdom, who could not be induced to attend an ordinary meeting, week after week, where there is no pecuniary inducement to attract.

A chap here in Boston, has been kind enough to write to the editor of "Young America" and informs him, that "the originator of this movement (the Protective Union,) told him he was not in favor of the freedom of the public lands." The evident design of this letter, was to create contempt for the Protective Union; and it is only for the "sake of the Union" that I am disposed to notice it. By general consent among the "getters up," the allusion is fastened upon myself. I am willing to accept. I do not remember that I have ever been *opposed* to the freedom of the public lands, although I remember well when I was not *in favor* of the project—it was when I *knew* but little about it. I am not in favor of any scheme which I don't understand, or in regard to which I am not prepared to give a good reason for my approval of it. If a person had asked me some months ago, this question, "Are you in favor of the freedom of the public lands?" I think it probable I should have answered, "No!" I might have qualified the answer, or I might not, according to circumstances; but before the letter referred to, appeared in the "Young America," I had made up my mind and signed a petition to Congress on the subject, which was then in circulation here. Tell Mr Evans we are his friends. Many of us as individuals are in favor of the whole scheme of reforms proposed by the National Reformers, and are ready to advocate and defend them.

Now, friend Young, perhaps you will think I have written too much on this subject; but consider how difficult it is for a person to put his thoughts upon paper, in a few words, who is not in the *habit* of it.

I hope you are warm and comfortable tonight. It is Sabbath evening—it has been snowing with unusual severity during the whole day and but few have ventured into the street—the wind is howling coldly without, and my thoughts wander to the shivering poor who have not sufficient protection from the rude storm—last on such a night as this; there must be many such among the hundred thousand, whose bodies count in making up the popoulation of this city.

Lord! "teach me to feel another's woes!"

May the many comforts we enjoy, create in our hearts gratitude to the Great Giver, and dispose us to be humble and increasingly faithful in defending the right. W.

Boston, Feb. 1846.

[Concluded.]

THE LIEN LAW.

A call to the members of the Legislature, and the Mechanics and Laborers of this Commonwealth.

Cases in education of the operation of the present state of things, in regard to this subject are too numerous even to give a catalogue. I have seen many in paint, and one in particular now strikes my recollection. A carpenter and builder in this city, who had contracted for and built many houses on other peoples' money, and who had at any rate mortgages on the same before they were half finished, to perhaps the full value, or at least all they would give, engaged his laborers in the different departments of the work, agreeing to pay them a small sum in part as the work progresses, and the remainder when finished. Many in need of work, were thus employed, and hands hired as needful under them, and so down; articles purchased on credit, and boarding houses procured for the workmen &c. By and by the houses were finished—the man failed—the houses were in other mens' hands—he is asked for pay—he has it not, or says he has it not—he cannot pay them—they urge him by all their needy situation—they owe others—they wish to buy a warm coat or a load of fuel for the winter—the poor woman with whom the operatives have boarded, is and has long been necessitously in want of her pay, of which she has received but a small part—her grocer becomes importunate and will no longer trust her as he had done, supposing as did the workmen, that the contractor was a "*good man*"—that he would pay as soon as he got his pay; but alas! he never got it, or if he did, he had appropriated it to other purposes, at least they never got a farthing! some of them sued him, and it proved the truths of the old adage—"sue a beggar and catch a louse," he laughed at them. Thus were a large class of laboring and honest men in their different situations and employments, entirely shut out from obtaining their just and legal dues, in consequence of the workmen upon those buildings having no remedy—no protection by Lien upon those buildings for their labor; and deep penury and want ensued in many cases, and fears of again engaging in the like business with others, that they might be again duped, and basely cheated. Thus is confidence in any one, beginning to be entirely destroyed. This state of things must have that effect.

Many other departments are protected by a Lien Law, or something equivalent thereto. Commerce is protected. The workmen on ships, either building or repairing, have now and have had a long time, a Lien upon them for their pay, and they cannot sail until their demands are satisfied. The lawyer has a Lien on the executions he may obtain for a creditor against the debtor. The tavern keeper will hold a man's coat or his trunk, for his lodging or dinner.

The doctor has almost a Lien upon the body of his patient, at any rate, his claim for medical services rendered that body, is first always allowed in a court of probate. Why should not the greatest and most numerous class of individuals in our cities,—those in some way or other, employed upon dwellings of taste, convenience and use, be also protected in securing their hard earnings, by a good sufficient Lien upon those buildings for a suitable time after their erection?—say one year from the time of their completion. This would restore confidence and promote honesty in our midst, more especially as there is probably more chicanery and speculation in the business of buying, selling and erecting buildings, than almost any other, particularly in our great and growing cities and their suburbs.

As I said before, confidence is most shockingly impaired in consequence of this order of things; good, honest, capable and deserving men are shut out—wherefore? because the capitalist will not employ, *generally, others than such an one, as I have named in the instance above*, that they may make a handsome SPECULATION, and he must make his money out of others, whom he employs to perform the labor. Let this truth be known, duly weighed and investigated. Let the laboring people awake upon the subject. Let our legislators ponder well upon this subject, and see that they do the will of their constituents, and by an efficient enactment, throw a needful and just protection over a respectable and hard laboring class of our community, both numerous and useful. Let this subject be kept before the people, and by petition after petition, before the Legislature until redress is obtained.

These few hints and remarks may serve at last to call the attention of the people deeply concerned in this, to the subject, and call forth some abler pen than mine to discuss the subject in all its bearings, of which I have been able only to do it but partial justice.

In conclusion, I would suggest, as a remedy for the existing evils, the substance of a Law which is demanded, and which should be enacted if possible, by the present Legislature now in session. And from what I know of the state of the case, especially in this city, and of the opinions of those interested in, and best informed on the subject, is, for the best good of the people, most urgently and speedily required.

The law need not be lengthly, but to the purpose intended. I would suggest the following as the substance of its provisions;

"Every Mechanic, Artisan and Laborer, who supplies materials, or performs any labor in the erection, construction or repairing of any house, store or other building or appurtenances of whatever description, shall have a Lein upon said house, store or other building or appurtenance, for the full value of the labor performed or materials supplied in the erection, construction or repairing of any house, other building or appurtenance for the term of one year from the time such materials have been supplied or such labor thereon performed. Provided, That in case the aggregate of all Leins created by this Act, shall exceed the sum stipulated, to be paid by any owner or his agent in any written contract, duly drawn, witnessed and recorded, the excess aforsaid shall be charged to the said contractor by the said owner or agent, and the owner shall have the right to recover the same of the said contractor or his bondsmen."

A FRIEND OF INDUSTRY.

Boston, Feb. 1846.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 1st 1846.

MR. YOUNG: Dear Sir, I have just purchased from Mr. Ferral of this city, a copy of the 'Voice of Industry,' of which you are editor. Permit me, most respectfully to inform you, that your excellent paper, will be productive of incalculable benefit to the laboring classes generally. What they most require, is correct information regarding the untold wrongs and outrageous injustices, they are daily experiencing. I coincide with Mr Carlyle of England, that indefatigable champion of the rights of man, when he says that a deadly weight of enchantment broods over the workingmen. That enchantment is necessarily occasioned by a want of intelligence that would enable them to know their rights, to vindicate their rights, and put their rights in speedy operation. Stern immutable justice, the best interests of common humanity, imparatively demands that the laborers of the country should arouse from apathy, and enter upon decisive action. May God hasten the happy period, when oppression and wrong of all descriptions shall have come to a termination, when man will walk forth in the dignity of MAN, as he was intended to, by the Creator, when man's high and ennobling destiny will be entirely fulfilled! The cause of human equity, I am happy to inform you, is fast advancing here. We have a very flourishing Association, recently instituted and designated, "Practical Religionists." The object of the society is the dissemination of useful knowledge among the producing portion of the community. Discussion on matters which appertain to the welfare of the human family, are regularly held, and have thus far exerted a beneficial tendency. We have also, a Christian Union, an institute originated by H. H. Vanamring, Esq., the object of which purports to be the revival and re-introduction into the world, of practical christianity. Myself, in co-operation with some others, are about getting up a society, called, "Human Emiancipation Society," which will be altogether devoted to the examination of the different theories proposed by various philanthropists, to ameliorate the present deplorable condition of society. Our arrangements for permanent organization, have not yet been completed. Allow me in conclusion of this letter, to say to the friends of Social Reform. Persevere. Perseverance must eventuate in triumphant success. Persevere, and victory will shortly be perched on your standard, and tyranny will be as a thing that was, but is no more. To the forefront unintimidated! burnish your weapons! Agitate, *Agitate*, AGITATE until despotic miarule shall have been exterminated from the land.

Yours &c.,
God and Liberty.
SAMUEL FLEMING.

For the Voice of Industry.

LOWELL, FEB. 7, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:

My attention was directed a few days since to a note which appeared in your paper of Jan. 30th, written by myself in acknowledgement of a keepsake from the operatives in the room of which I formerly had charge. It was very far from my expectations that the letter would ever find its way into a public print, and on some accounts I must regret that it has done so. A note hastily penned on the reception of such a favor, and under the influence of feelings awakened by the circumstances, although it might express nothing but what would be perfectly understood and appreciated by those to whom it was addressed, yet could hardly with fairness, be spread before the public as a clear representation of the views of the writer on matters as important as the Lowell Manufacturing system. That my friend, Miss B., has drawn conclusions from it which I never intended it to afford, is most certain, although the carelessness of my language may have warranted her in so doing.

The "system of manufacturing" which I had in view is not that system established by the proprietors of the Lowell mills, nor has it anything to do with the rules and regulations enforced by their agents; but is a system growing out of the very nature of things, and altogether beyond the control of any one. I might with more propriety have alluded to it as a *state of things*, rather then a system. It is a state of things brought about by *competition*, between different mills that I referred to, and which as it had been often alluded to in the intercourse between the girls in my room and myself, I did not doubt would be well understood by them. The ambition which every man must feel, to equal or excel his neighbors in the quantity and quality of his work, is undoubtedly productive of evils and inconveniences to the hands employed in factories. I know from experience that this emulation induces overseers to manifest less patience with those who may be deficient in skill or energy, than is desirable oftentimes. But this is human nature—and it will exist and operate whether the owners of mills desire it or not.—That the agents of the Lowell companies especially favor those who are most apt to be "harsh or unmindful of the rights" of those under their direction, is entirely contrary to my experience. And I am certainly the last man to hear testimony that those who succeed in securing the good will of the operatives, do not succeed equally well with their employers. The quantity and quality of work which our employers require, is of course, such as our neighbors on other corporations or in other towns produce, and it is contrary to experience or reason that the workman who is below the average in ability should be valued as one above.

Mankind are not particularly prone to be contented with their condition under any circumstances, and there are evils enough attendant upon labor here, as elsewhere; but if there be any place where in view of all things connected with the business, manufacturing laborers have reason to be satisfied with their position, that place I believe to be Lowell.

C. W. BLANCHARD.

P. S. Allow me to correct a typographical error which appeared in the note above mentioned, which makes rather equivocal sense of the paragraph in which it occurs. Near the middle of the letter I remarked, "If I have ever been unnecessarily unaccommodating or unmindful of the courtesy which is due to females in *any* situation, &c. &c.," instead of "females in *my* situation." C. W. B.

☞ We are inclined to indulge in some feelings of regret that Mr. Blanchard has seen fit to write the above ambiguous apology as an explanation to the clear and honest expression which he put forth in his letter to the factory girls in his room. That letter needed no explanation. It revealed the true impulses of a generous heart when untrammeled by corporation fear. But the above looks vague and ugly, and when contrasted with his former letter shows conclusively that the divine feelings of friendship and love which guided his pen at that time, has been stifled by self interest and corporation despotism. The former was a true, yet plain and simple picture of the effect of the present system of factory labor upon the better feelings of the soul. The latter, though a trembling acknowledgement of the same thing, is a distorted, mongrel sort of a thing the corporation visage being most prominent.

Miss Bagley's comments made no attack upon individuals, but simply spoke of the effects of the system upon different men, at the same time paying Mr. B a tribute of respect that should receive a more grateful return.

☞ The Workingmens' "Protective Union" of Boston is succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. So rapid has been its increase of members that they have been under the necessity of changing their place of meeting to No. 7 and 8 Boylston Hall. Our friend "W." in another column, is informed that we will give the subject due consideration as soon as time will allow.

A COURTING SONG.

By Miss Leslie.

The parlors both are occupied,
And every other spot,
By couples who a courting seem—
And yet perhaps they're not.
There are some that court on sofabourets,
Placed lovingly together,
And lovingly they whisper low
Of fashions or the weather;
Some court within the vestibule
And some upon the stairs,
And many court on ottomans,
And very few on chairs.

And openly, without disguise,
Is all the courting done,
No matter whether on it shines
The gas-light or the sun;
And so desirous are they still
The state of things to prove,
The more that visitors come in,
The more they will not move.
But there they sit and persevere,
In spite of hint and glance,
And people that on business come,
Have very little chance.

And some court at the checker board,
While others court at chess,
(Though chess players cannot be in love
So much as they profess.)
There are some at back-gammon court,
Half hid behind a column,
And some would even court at whist,
Were not the game so solemn;
There are some that promenade as if
They never meant to stop,
And some think it policy
To institute a hop.

This courting of the young folks
Is a pretty sight to see,
But the courting of the married ones
Had better never be,
Success to all whose hearts are fixed
On objects right and true;
We wish with them, that they could make
A shorter courtship do.
I'm always glad when any friend
Invites me out to tea,
For 'tis very dull to stay at home,
With no one courting me.

THE DELUSION OF PROTECTION, AS SHOWN BY THE FRENCH IRON DUTIES.

But, again, how much is there in the vicious circle of the protective principle, even were it successful in securing the immediate interests of the parties professed to be benefited, that is delusive, inasmuch as, at the best, it is only compensatory of other charges and disadvantages to which they are subjected in upholding the system. Take, for example, the case of the iron duties in France, as an evidence of the vicious circle in which the protective system operates, so visibly to the loss of all parties. The origin of the high duties charged on iron in France is *"protection to the landed interest."* In order to create a scarcity of fuel, and thus secure a high price for the firewood grown in extensive districts in France, an enormous duty is placed on the import of coal. Further, then, to induce to a large consumption of this firewood the makers of iron are protected by an enormous duty on that article. The high price of iron is then compensated to the machine-maker, the engineer, and the blacksmith, by duties proportionally high upon iron in all its wrought and manufactured forms. The manufacturers of all classes are next protected by high duties on their fabrics, in order to repay the greater cost of their machinery; and at length the accumulated amount of all these different protections is spread over the community in the form of dear and bad iron-ware, agricultural implements, and the clothing of the people.—Independent of the enormous loss to which the agriculturists of France are subjected in their cultivation, from the inferiority of their implements being made in great measure of wood in place of iron, and which is directly to be referred to the enormous price of the latter material, it has been calculated, by an eminent authority in that country, that the cultivators of the soil pay a sum equal to *two millions of pounds sterling* every year for their implements, in addition to what the same cost in England, and, but for the protective system, would cost in France. Here, then, under the pretext of protection to the land, for the benefit of districts of underwood, the existence of which, in a densely populated country, is a disgrace, the rest of the agricultural body are directly taxed to the extent of two millions annually. But this is not all. The high price of iron interferes with the employment of the population in innumerable ways. It makes dear machinery, and limits its use. It produces dear goods, limits their consumption, and lessens the demand for labor. Every article that the agriculturist in France has to buy, independent of his implements, is raised in price as a consequence of the chain of protective duties, which begin with his own firewood; while, at the same time, the means of the whole population to consume his produce are reduced by a limit which is thus placed on employment from the same cause. And, after all, is it certain that even the grower of firewood is really benefited by this protection?—Is it not somewhat an anomaly that, in a densely populated country, containing upwards of *thirty-five millions* of people, producing grain and other food in the best of years insufficient for their consumption, we should find whole districts occupied in the growth of brushwood for fuel, which could be imported at half the cost? But for this foolish protection to firewood, there can be no doubt that years ago every acre of this land would have been cleared and put to some use, more beneficial to the public, and more profitable to the owners; as it it is, it affords a striking example of the tendency which protection has to misdirect capital and labor into unprofitable channels. We shall be told that the land is fit for nothing else. Such a reply is always ready, in the case of misdirected and misapplied means. When we have seen that land has been converted to profitable purposes, when we have seen swamps reclaimed and barren heaths made into rich and productive corn fields, we cannot for a moment doubt that the lands in the south of France, to which we refer, might be, and long ago would have been, but for this false support, converted to some other more profitable use. The dearness and badness of agricultural implements, to which that protection directly tends, might be in the first place one of the chief difficulties. Where then, in the whole of this vicious circle, do we find one interest that is benefitted, or one that is not injured by protection.

But, then, it is said, that when all those interests have been thus placed in this intricate and artificial position complicated by existing laws and engagements, it becomes a difficult and dangerous task to interfere with them.—In the case before us we have one of the most extensive and complicated examples that could be found of the protective principle. Let us see what the effects would be of instantly dissolving the whole system. Repeal the duty upon foreign fuel, the ironmaster would at once be placed in the most advantageous position to produce his article cheaply, and the consumption would be more than proportionally increased. The machine-maker, the engineer, and the blacksmith, would not only obtain their materials much cheaper, but they would have the benefit of the increased demand, in which that cheapness for articles of universal use would necessarily lead. The manufacturer would obtain his machinery at a much reduced cost, and the lower price of his goods would tend materially to increase their consumption. A thousand new uses would be discovered for iron when cheap, from which it is excluded when dear. Competition with foreign rivals would lead to improvements and economy; the whole community would be furnished with better and cheaper goods—the increased consumption of which would lead to a greater demand for labor, and a greater diffusion of wealth and comforts. In the meantime no party would be so much benefited as the agriculturist interest itself. The increased employment of the people would create a greater demand for their produce, while cheaper and improved implements would be a source of economy and of increased productiveness in cultivation; and the districts which at present he wastes in brushwood for protected fuel would be converted into other more useful and more profitable purposes. And nothing is clearer, than that a year would not pass without every link in this complicated chain of compensated protected interests reaping the advantages which would result from the greater abundance and cheapness, and the consequent greater consumption of their various productions.

Massachusetts Legislature.

THURSDAY, Jan. 5. In the Senate, this morning, it was ordered that the Treasurer be requested to lay before the Senate the amount of auction duties paid by each auctioneer during the last year.

Bills were reported giving the Boston Steam Flour Mill Co. leave to hold additional real estate, incorporating the Dane Manufactory Co., the Lowell Gass Co., and the Wachusett House Co.

In the House, petitions presented of S. S. Jackson, and others for a law to prevent fraud and deception in the flour trade; J. N. Thurston and others of Lynn, for a law to prevent disturbances at temperance meetings; C. P. Collins and others that the value of shares in manufacturing corporations may be fixed at $100.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6. In the Senate, Mr. Willard, from the Committee on Prisons, submitted detailed reports, accompanied with resolves relating to the State Prison, to authorize the erection within the prison walls, of a small building with suitable bathing apparatus, and authorizing additions to be made to the library of the prison. The reports and the accompanying resolves were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Kimball, from the Committee on the Library reported a resolve relating to the transmission of certain documents to editors in the State.

In the House, The orders of the day were taken up, and the House resumed the consideration of the plurality bill. Mr. Byington, of Stockbridge, finished his speech in reply to the opponents of the motion to recommit with instructions, and was answered by Messrs. Whitney, of Stowe, Hartwell, of Montague, and Morris, of Springfield.

The question was then taken by yeas and nays, with the following results:—Yeas 58, nays, 182.

So the House refused to recommit. The question was then on ordering the bill—providing for the election of members of Congress by a plurality on the third trial—to its third reading—the yeas and nays were ordered.

Mr. Stevens, of Andover, moved to amend the bill by providing that a plurality shall elect at the first instead of the third trial, and supported his motion at some length.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7. In the Senate, among the petitions presented this morning, was one of John B. Alley and others, for an Act of Incorporation of the Manufacturers' Fire and Marine Insurance Company, in Lynn.

In the House, the following petitions were presented and referred—Of J. M. Forbes and others for leave to construct a railroad from Quincy to Dorchester; of Eleazer Rich and others, Truro, for leave to build a wharf; of sundry inhabitants of Chelsea for leave to construct a Railroad between Chelsea and Malden; of B. Wheeler, in behalf of the Essex Co., Teachers' Association; of Wm. Cobb and others, for a law regulating the sale of goods by pedlers; the remonstrance of the City of Lowell against the petition of the Mayor of Boston for leave to bring water from Long Pond; of the city of Salem in relation to the School Fund.

The Bill to incorporate the South Boston Association was passed to be enacted.

The orders of the day were taken up, and on motion of Mr. Holmes of Fall River, the debateable matters were passed over.

MONDAY, FEB. 9. In the Senate, a bill was reported to increase the capital stock of the Mass. Cotton Mills.

The Committee on education, on petition of several towns for their portion of School Fund of 1845, reported leave to withdraw, they not having made their returns in conformity with the laws.

In the House, several petitions were presented and referred.

Passed to be engrossed—House bills concerning the city of Boston, and respecting the yearly abstracts of returns of Savings Banks. Senate bills to amend the charter of the City of Lowell; to enable the Manufacturing Corporations at Lowell to own and improve the water power used by them.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10. In the Senate, petitions presented and referred.

The resolves reported by the Committee on Prisons in relation to the library and bathing house connected with the State Prison, were taken from the table and placed in the orders of the day.

In the House.—Papers from the Senate were disposed of in concurrence.

Petitions were presented and referred.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11.—In the Senate, papers from the House were disposed of in concurrence.

Petitions were presented and referred.

In the House, papers from the Senate were disposed of in concurrence.

Petitions were presented and referred.

Remonstrances were presented and referred.

At 12 o'clock, Mr. Tollman of Boston called for the special assignment, which was the Bill concerning the election of a Member in Congress.

The question was taken, and the bill was indefinitely postponed, yeas, 160—nays 73.

Congress.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 4. SENATE. After the consideration of private claims the Senate proceeded to the consideration of executive business.

HOUSE. A fourth and unsuccessful effort was made to bring the debate on the Oregon question to a termination on Monday next.—The resolution was laid on the table by a majority of two votes.]

THURSDAY, Feb. 5. Senate. Mr Bagby introduced a bill which was referred to the Naval Committee, providing for the addition of the Texan Navy to the Navy of the U. S.

HOUSE. It was voted, on motion of Mr. Price of Maryland, that all debate in Committee of the Whole on the Oregon resolutions should terminate on Monday at three o'clock P. M. This was decided by yeas and nays, by a vote of 109 to 87.

FRIDAY, Feb. 6. Senate did not sit to-day.

HOUSE. The Oregon question was taken up. Mr Jefferson Davis, of Miss., obtained the floor, and delivered an impressive speech against this warlike demonstration—against the "notice."

Mr. Houston, of Alabama, followed, and spoke in favor of giving the notice.

Mr Cathcart, of Indiana, next got the floor.

The House went into committee of the whole on the Oregon question, and speeches were made by Mr Foot of Vermont, Starkweather of Ohio, and Hunt of New York.—The committee then rose and the House adjourned after a session of about eleven hours.

SATURDAY, Feb. 7. Senate did not sit.

HOUSE. A Message from the President communicating the recent correspondence with regard to Oregon was received. Before the speeches were made on this subject, by Mr. Truman Smith, of Connecticut, Sims of S. Carolina, Atkinson of Va. and Fries of Ohio.

After the reading of the Message, several members spoke on the same subject.

MONDAY, Feb. 9. Senate. The correspondence on the Oregon question, was referred to the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

HOUSE. The Oregon resolutions were taken up in Committee of the whole.

Mr T. B. King, of Georgia, spoke his hour.

John Quincy Adams next got the floor. He denied the British claim to the Oregon *in toto*, and went into an elaborate discussion of the title, showing that it would be made complete and perfect by possession.

At the end of the hour, Mr A. having taken his seat, great efforts were made to suspend the hour rule, to allow him to go on, but did not succeed.

The vote was finally taken on the resolution of notice, and it was passed, 163 to 54.

PAST SENTIMENTS FOR PRESENT CONSUMPTION.

DESPOTISM.—He that thinks absolute power purifies men's blood, and corrects the baseness of human nature, need read but the history of this, or any other age, to be convinced of the contrary. He that would have been insolent and injurious in the woods of America, would not probably be much better in a throne, where perhaps learning and religion shall be found out to justify all that he shall do to his subjects, and the sword presently silence all those that dare question it; for what the protection of absolute monarchy is what king of fathers of their countries it makes princes to be, and to what a degree of happiness and security it carries civil society, where this sort of government is grown to perfection, he, that will look into the late relation of Ceylon may easily see.—*Locke on Government.*

REASON.—What is that reason of which we boast so triumphantly? It bears nothing more than the relation of objects to our wants; it is reduced to mere personal interest.

Hence it is, that we have so many family reasons, reasons of association, reasons of state, reasons of all countries and of all ages. Hence it is, that the reason of a young man, is not that of an old man. The reason of a woman differs from that of a hermit; and the reason of a soldier, from that of a priest.—*St. Pierre.*

ENVY.—Like a corroding plaster, it lies gnawing at the heart, and indeed is founded in grief, that being the object of it, either in himself or others, through all the conditions that are. Either he grieves in himself when another is happy, or else, if ever he does rejoice, it is certainly because another does suffer; so calamity seems the centre that he points unto.—*Feltham.*

Gaming is a vice the more dangerous as it is deceitful, and contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them, promising riches without bounds, and those to be acquired by the most sudden, as well as easy, and indeed pleasant means.—*Fielding.*

A HINT TO THE DOGMATICAL.—They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—*Bacon.*

BAD GOVERNMENTS.—The worst governments are always the most chargeable, and cost the people dearest; as all men in courts of judicature pay more for the wrongs that are done, than for the right.—*Butler.*

SOLDIER.—A soldier is a being hired to kill in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.—*Swift.*

HONESTY.—He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—*Lavater.*

GENIUS.—Genius is to be met with every where, in all classes of life, and where it takes root, it is likely to flourish; but if it lies uncultivated, it is buried.—*Trusler.*

THE EVENING TIME.

THE sweet Evening Time! How many cherished memories cluster around this hallowed season, this hour of meditation, association and prayer. Our thoughts wing themselves back to the fireside of our early home, when the earth and its sunbright fantasies seemed in prospective possession all our own: when the whole of life was to our delighted thoughts one rainbow scene of happiness and joy. Loved friends were around us, and we dreamed they were always to be so; we looked through the bright vista of futurity with glad and joyful anticipations.

How few, how very few of those bright dreams have been realized! Fond and beloved friends have passed from us; some have gone to the quiet land of the sleepers, others have fled at the approach of adversity, and but a few cherished ones, perchance, are left, of all the loved circle we once claimed as our own. Fortune, with her gilded pageantry, has passed, and where are the golden treasures that we so fondly and so foolishly desired?—The phantom is not yet attained—it has eluded our grasp. Ambition too, has left us traces of the gorgeous visions which she once so brilliantly presented to our view. All the bright visions of our youth are passed away; they have all fled, and we forget them, save when at the still evening time, they arise like a dream of Elysian to illumine our path for a moment and then vanish again. The present, ever varying, ever changing, is oft the subject of contemplation at the quiet hour of evening, when all corroding cares and anxieties are lulled to peace and silence, but while we gaze at the ideal image, it has passed with the dreams of early youth. The future, yes the future,—we delight to lift the thick veil which shrouds it, and gaze at scenes of hope, love, and happiness, which may never be realized; fond thoughts will restore us all our heloved treasures, but the sad reality will too soon dispel the illusion; all earthly cares, hopes, and thoughts, are only transient vapors which pass like the clouds which adorn the sky with their lovely tints, at the sweet evening hour.

But pray at the time of evening; let the thoughts be turned to heaven; let our hopes our affections be fixed there; and we shall find that disappointment will not mar our visions of happiness; all our fond expectations will be more than realized in the full fruition of eternal joy and love. Loved friends will there be returned to our embrace, and in that blest realm, no clouds of care will approach to dim the radiant light of Divine love and perfection. Then turn to the bright view of heaven at the silent evening time; it will calm the tumultuous waves of sorrow that roll from all tides of human and earthly resources; it will cheer the drooping spirit, and give it a foretaste of heavenly blessedness and peace.

WOMAN.

I DISLIKE the man who deliberately trifles with the affections of women. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman, than with a person who has sacrificed to his own vanity the life-long happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the rights of their sex, by accepting with pride the homage of a man who has become notorious for the conquest and destruction of their sisters, as if his mercy and love could be depended upon, who has once been cruel to an affectionate young woman! The world laughs and stores of living proverbs and stupid jests on the brittleness of woman's love, are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious; you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; but what if while you are meaning nothing, your trifling created anguish, your sport became death to the object of it? When, by exclusive attentions, you have excited a regard—by the development of talent, or, by the display and devotion of personal graces, you have fascinated the mind and the heart—when, by the melting and the speaking eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion you cannot allay; when you have done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience or sated coxcombry, to finish the scene be an altered man, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the unexpected efforts of your civility, will you be able to quiet your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools, or a lie of your own? What if the poor being, whose hope you have changed into despair, whose garden you have blasted with mildew and dust, whose heaven you have darkened for evermore, shall suffer in silence; striving to bear her sorrow, praying for cheerfulness; pardoning without forgeting you till the worm has eaten through to life, and the body is emaciated which you have led to the dance, the voice is broken on which you have hung, the face wan which you have flattered, and the eyes frightfully bright with funeral lustre, which used to laugh radiancy, and hope when they gazed upon you? What if a gloomier temper, a more ardent imagination and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite and impatience, and recklessness of good and ill—a hasty and loveless marriage should be the rack of her soul, or the provocation of her sin. Is there mandragora that could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does there really live a man who could triumph in such bitter wo?

O believe it not! For the sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of ours. Women have their weaknesses, and plenty of them, but they are seldom vicious, like ours, and as to the levity of heart, who shall compare the worldly, skeptic fondness of a man, with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract a thousand passions are a substitute, for the devotion of a man; but to love is the purpose to be loved, the consummation—to be faithful, the religion of a woman. It is her all in all, and when she gives her heart away, she gives away a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Crœsus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Always place it upon paper, when you have one. That thought like the scattered seed, will not be lost. Good men may repeat it, years after you are in heaven. It may strengthen the resolution of thousands—thousands of minds if may influence. Truth is never lost. Good thoughts are as indestructible as our eternal hills. Hoard them with care—write them out—print them—and they will never die.

Live for the good of our race.